



THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OF! **MORRISEY** OVER THE RUSIAN SAILOR

Fought in Terradell Esago South America, for 60,000 dollars

Come all you Sons of Erins Isle your attention now I crave
While I relate the prases of our gallant hero brave
Concerning this great fight took place upon the other day
All with the Russian sailor boy and gallant Morrissey

Terradell-esago in south America
The Russian challeng'd Morrissey and this to him did say
I hear you are an Irishman you wear the belt I see
What do you think if you consent to have a round with me
Then out-broke brave Morrissey with heart both stout and true

I am a valiant Irishman that never was subjoined
For I can whale the Yankees and the Saxon bugbear
In honour of old Paddys land the laurel will wear

This enraged the Yankees both by sea and land
To think that he should be put down all by an Irishman
He says you are th' light for me and th'd without mistake
I would have you to resign the belt or else your life I'll take

To fight on the tenth of March those heroes did agree
And thousands came from every part the battle for to see
They the Russian tyrant would kill brave Morrissey
These heroes stepped into the ring most gallant for to see

Brave Morrissey slap't on the belted band with the Shamrock green
Whilst anxious stood each Irish heart that day to behold the sight

The Russian he floor'd Morrissey up to the eleventh round
Which made the Russians and the Yankees the valley's to resound

Up to the twentysecond round it was fall for fall about
Which made the Yankee tyrant to have a sharp look out
The Russian call'd his second to give him a glass of wine
Our Irish hero smiled and said the battle it is mine

The thirtieth beside all the Russian felt the smart
Brave Morrissey with a dreadful blow he struck him on the heart
The doctor he was call'd on to bleed him in the veins
He said it was quite useless he would never fight again

Our hero conquer'd Thomson the Yankee shipper to
The vealman boy and Sheppard he nobly did subdue
And to our bold Tipperary boys the Russian was forc'd to yield
Brave Morrissey like Donnelly would die to gain the field

Three cheers for brave Irish boys confused their hearts fulsome
Their bully eighteen stone t'ree pounds his height full 6 feet 4
And to their coat St Patrick's sons they made the taverns roar
Flattering the praise of Morrissey and Paddies evermore